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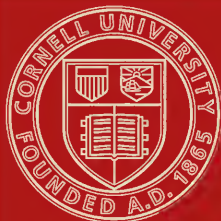












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# THE ARGO.

No. 1.] MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1822. [PRICE 3d.

- - - - - puerique virginesque  
Vobis pagina nostra dedicatur. *Mart.*

To you the flower and promise of the age,  
Virgins and Youths we dedicate our page. *Anon.*

Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ  
Tractas. *Horat. Od. 1, lib. 2.*

- - - - - a labor vast,  
Doubtful the die--and dire the cast. *Francis.*

To be the first who has entered upon a work, and embodied and given life to that which had long been in the minds of all, though indistinctly conceived by each, is a task of no small danger and difficulty ; and has been the emulation and boast of all writers in all ages. What is here said of the world, may be applied to ourselves. A public school is a little world where the intellect receives its first "form and pressure;" and it has been said that a judicious observer can foresee in the youth of a public school, the particular shades of character that will distinguish each in future life. In asking some indulgence then for this our Paper, as being the first of its kind, we would be understood to say, that it is the first which has issued from the press of our Pauline world, and we hope it will not be the last.

Upon publishing the proposals for this Paper, many were the surmises we overheard on the likelihood of its success. We in modesty, omit those encouragements which were particularly gratifying to us, inasmuch as they came from those whose talents have gained them a high reputation amongst our embryo-literati. With the same feeling of respect we would remove if possible, any obstacles that have been con-

sidered likely to impede its wide circulation. TOM STEADY says, there are some who have grown uneasy at our daring flight, and will endeavour to clip our wings; he therefore, with his usual good natured wit, advises us to soar above them. But the most formidable charge brought against us is that of CLASSICUS, who wishes to know why we should have attempted to amuse those both older and wiser than ourselves. It is related of Plato, that he first endeavoured to compose an epic poem, but on comparing it with Homer's Iliad, he found it so inferior, that he laid aside his poetic laurel for ever. Next he turned his thoughts to tragedy, but on hearing the Siren, a tragedy of Socrates recited, he was so disappointed with his own production, that he relinquished the Tragic muse. He then applied himself to Metaphysics and Philosophy, and "ascended the highest heaven of invention." We suggest therefore to CLASSICUS, that like Plato, he would do well to choose his own sphere: and whilst he enjoys a Platonic vision, or pores over the Grecian lore, let him not disregard those, who aspire only to the humble name of Essayists. But as we have mentioned this personal objection of CLASSICUS to our audacity in attempting to amuse our betters, we suppose our readers will feel somewhat curious to know what sort of fellows we are, whether tall or short, dull or merry, and so forth. We have observed that when a boy is first admitted into our school, he is surrounded by his new acquaintances, who first look at him, then turn him round, ask him his name, and all the particulars of his birth. If it happen that they cannot immediately ask these questions, 'tis amusing to hear how they conjecture on him. One thinks from his gait he must be a country lout, another that he is mammy-sick, from the way he hangs his head and pouts, another from the length of his face, is sure that he must know a deal of grammar. As the same conjectures will naturally



arise on our first appearance as to what kind of personage the Editor may be, we purpose to gratify our readers. We are two in number, and two of the most opposite characters that can be imagined even in look—one is dark, the other is fair: our minds are equally opposite. The latter has generally received the name of the “serious gentleman.” The former that of the “merry fellow;”—and as liquids of different spirits easily coalesce, so we may be likened to two drops of different liquids that have accidentally united. What temperament of serious and merry, thoughtful and humourous, is likely to arise from this mixture of spirits, and what variety of amusement may be thence derived, we leave to the decision of the courteous reader. We have observed in some unpublished papers that appeared amongst us, a particular hostility to love sonnets, and consequently to the praises of the fair, in whose honour they are written. We in the beginning here, as in our motto, profess ourselves admirers of the fair sex, and shall encourage all effusions of passion that come from the heart. For we are convinced that he who in his youth is cold and indifferent to beauty, will in a few years become a frozen misogynist. We had almost forgotten to mention any thing about the name of this Paper. Its classicity was its principal attraction: Our Paper is the *Argo*, we, the adventurers, and the reader’s approbation, the golden fleece. Here then we make our bow to

“ Ladies whose bright eyes  
Rain influence and judge the prize;”

and shake our friendly readers by the hand till we meet again; which will much depend upon their goodwill;

Their favor in the author’s cap’s a feather.

P.

We have received a very laconic epistle, if it may be so called, from a gentleman who signs his name **PARCUS**—it is as follows—

“ *Quanti emptæ?*” “ *parvo*” “ *quanti ergo*” “ *Octo assibus*” “ *Eheu!*” *Hor.*

“ What doth it cost ? ” “ Not much upon my word ; ”

“ How much pray ? ” “ Only three-pence, Sir ; ” “ O Lord.”

**PARCUS.**

We heartily sympathise with **PARCUS** on the dearth of our paper, and indeed that would have deterred us from publishing, had it not been for the kind encouragement of some friends, who assured us that if it were four pence, as we originally proposed, they would take three copies each. Our correspondent **PROSPHILES** tells us that he is glad we have lowered it to three pence, since now he shall be able to take two copies of every number, without exceeding a six-pence. With these encouragements we ventured to proceed and we assure the gentle reader that no exertion shall be wanting to make it as well worth three pence as possible. But if any reader thinks he is extravagant in giving so much above its value, we will supply him with a reason, which we think will quiet his conscience. There is a custom among venders of news, we mean of ballads, last dying speeches and confessions, &c. of providing themselves with a bundle of straws, cut equal lengths; in the other hand they carry their ballads; they then sing out “ I sell my straws at a penny a straw, and my books I give away.” ’Tis astonishing to see with what avidity the common people buy these straws and receive the ballad. They perhaps would think it waste to give a penny for the ballad, but the magical straw would not be dear at any price. Let the gentle reader then consider that he gives his three pence for the paper, and has the matter gratis; and let him imagine the word *Argo* as a three-penny stamp, for which no one of us would regret to give double the sum.—P.

Oh Love, thou art a terribly tormenting thing !  
 Thou art like a bee, all honey sweet, that bears a cruel sting !  
*Old Ballad.*

Dear Sir,

As you are young, and I doubt not in love, I am sure you will pity my case, which is indeed a very hard one. I thank Heaven and Mrs. Ratcliffe, that I have imbibed from the perusal of novels and romances a sublime and exalted idea of that noblest of passions—love. The first time I saw Eugenio, I became interested with his appearance: and oh! how happy I was when he declared to me those sentiments of affection which I felt responsively throbbing in my own heart. As Eugenio is poor, tho' of a noble family, and I have a large fortune at my command, I had not the slightest hopes of my father's consenting to the match; and I would not listen to my lover's proposals of acquainting him with his attachment for me. I was determined on an elopement by moonlight, that I might flee from the galling chains of parental authority. Already the night was come, when I was to depart from my father's house; a chaise and four was to be in readiness at ten o'clock. I had packed up all my jewels, and waited with a fluttering heart for the appointed signal, when I was to jump from a first floor window into the arms of my impatient lover, who was to be armed with a brace of pistols loaded for the occasion. While I was in this exquisite state of nervous suspension, Eugenio entered the chamber, and informed me that he had gained the consent of my father for our nuptials. I was so disgusted with this breach of honor and want of right feeling, that I banished him from my sight for ever. I think I shall turn Roman Catholic, and take the veil to give an *éclat* to the affair.

I remain, Dear Sir,

The broken-hearted

EROSPHILA,

L.



Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum,  
Vatis Horati. *Hor. Od. 6, l. 4.*

I who am skilled in metre, have translated  
Horace's poems. *F.*

Mr. ARGO,—As you are of course a classic, I have selected your Paper to publish my proposals for a new translation of Horace in the original metre, adapted to the present times. It shall greatly exceed either Creech, Francis, or Pye. It will be published by subscription, on vellum paper, folio; with the original on one side (with all the Variorum notes) and the translation on the other. I send you a specimen, which you will be good enough to print, and beg your readers to compare it with the Latin.

I remain, Sir, Yours, &c.

FLACCOPHILUS.

*Ode 2d, book 4th.* Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.

Whoso attempts to imitate Bob Southey,  
Soars with a wing of Dædalean wax-work;  
Whence to th' abyss of bathos from his height he  
Surely must tumble.

Down from a mountain like a river rolling,  
Which past all bounds the winter show'rs have swollen;  
Thus Southey roars and rushes in profound im-  
mensurate nonsense,

Truly deserving to be poet laureate;\*  
Whether he writes audacious dithyrambics,  
New and unheard of, setting all poetic  
Laws at defiance.

Whether he sings of Indian Gods and godlike  
Kings, in whose reign the rebel, hight Wat Tyler,  
Perish'd; or fell the terrible Napole-  
on Buonaparté:—

\* By Synæresis.—to be pronounced laurate. So in 4th Georgic, v. 34, *Seu lento fuerint alvearia vimine texta.*

Or tells of those from Waterloo returning,  
Whether of foot or cavalry, and gives them  
Verse as the meed of glory—far exceeding  
Millions of money.

Or bemoans in Hexameters a Monarch  
Torn from his country; lifting his own spirit  
“All up among the golden stars”—despising  
Earth’s hellish blackness.

With what an air upsoars the Keswick gander  
Whene’er thro’ unintelligible bombast  
Lofty he glides; while whining Willy Wordsworth,  
Just like a bee that

Flits round the groves and *lakes*, and with great labor  
Culls from each flow’r a little drop of honey;  
Fags very hard indeed at writing verses  
Which come to nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*

I.

[We both enter our solemn protest against the attack made  
in these stanzas on the characters of the two Poets there  
introduced; having the greatest respect for their abi-  
lities.]—ED.

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## THE SURPRISE.

Improvisa simul species exterrēt utriusque. *Hor. Epist. l. 1, 6, 10.*  
Sudden the sight, and mutual the alarm. *Anon.*

I.

’Tis said that partial poets sing th’ adventures  
Of those alone whose beauties fairest shew;  
And that in every tale on which one enters  
Or prose or rhyme, a hero makes his bow,  
Or heroine, on whom the story centers,  
Whose budding beauty just begins to blow;  
And that before and since the days of Nero  
Beauties have been both heroine and hero.

## 2.

And this hath anger'd many an ugly woman,  
 And many a slighted beau hath bit his lip :  
 But who would sing of what to all is common,  
 Or drain the common cup, that all may sip ?  
 My wayward Muse, will ask the will of no man,  
 But freely o'er the sweetest dewdrops trip :  
 This wreath a rose and lily shall entwine,  
 A hero fair, and fairer heroine.

## 3.

There was a youth of England, and his name—  
 (Dost like it gentle reader?) was Tom Hayley:  
 But he had lived as yet to love, not fame,  
 And to be sure had lived a little gaily :—  
 At length he vowed his morals to reclaim,  
 Not that he yet was tired of pleasures daily,  
 And so he hied him to the South of France,  
 That land of love and pleasure, fair Provence.

## 4.

Pale was his cheek, and, though it had been fair,  
 Was sicklied with the tint of revelry :  
 His eye, now dull and languid as his air,  
 Had flash'd in the loud laugh of gaiety :  
 And though he once the bowl and song could share  
 He now preferr'd the brook's wild melody—  
 Free from domestic ties, that some call duty  
 He pored upon the book of nature's beauty.

## 5.

But whether this was real melancholy,  
 Or what it was, I don't pretend to say ;  
 Yet to my taste it savours much of folly,  
 In sorrowing to while one's life away,  
 Just like the sainted nuns and friars holy :  
 Yet they grow merry 'neath a cowl of grey.  
 My Muse suspects, our hero left his home  
 Like them, to know—to feel—but that's to come.

## 6.

It was the month of love, I mean of May,  
 For then dame Nature wears a loving charm:  
 The vernal sunbeams bake our amorous clay,  
 And we grow weary, as our blood grows warm;  
 And then a bed of flowers is in the way,  
 And to recline on them is sure no harm,—  
 Alas! though chaste on every other day,  
 Maids are found tripping in the month of May.

## 7.

But to our tale;—'twas May, and Tom was straying  
 He knew not whither, only that he stray'd—  
 He thought how once Aurora went a-maying,  
 And was deceived by Zephyr in the shade.  
 And as he thought, he felt his heart betraying  
 Emotions bland and thrilling, that convey'd  
 A soft *presentiment* of rising passion:  
 Poor Tom! I wish he had not had occasion.

## 8.

Yet he had oft before thus lov'd to wander  
 But never yet such thrilling pleasure found:  
 Not thus on passion was he wont to ponder;  
 Nor thus to fix his eyes upon the ground.  
 And well he might;—for on a green bank yonder,  
 He spied—what could it be?—he looked around;  
 Then towards the spot in breathless silence creeping,  
 Gaz'd on a lovely woman lone and sleeping.

## 9.

Her beauteous form was clad a rustic frock in;  
 A peasant lass she seem'd—but for the charm  
 Of a kid slipper, and a silken stocking,  
 That gave our hero's fancy some alarm,—  
 But not that aught to modesty was shocking.  
 Her cheek was pillow'd on her small white arm:  
 And save a curl that fluttering in her breath  
 Play'd o'er her cheek, her sleep had seem'd like death.



## 10.

Tom gazed on her, and bid his heart be still,  
 Which ever and anon will raise commotions ;  
 The blood will roll against the settled will,  
 And in the breast raise passionate emotions ;  
 The tide of passion oft the heart will fill,  
 And banish all our philosophic notions:  
 And Tom was young—and she so lone and fair,—  
 I wonder what the devil she did there.

## 11.

Yes, she was sleeping, Gallia's fairest lily,  
 And he was softly bending o'er her breast ;  
 And though she slept, he thought, (perhaps 'twas silly)  
 Her soul within her did not seem at rest.  
 Strange motions in her face appear'd, and stilly  
 She moved her lips with their own kisses blest ;  
 A burning blush flashed o'er her cheek, and then  
 She breath'd a sigh, and all was still again.

## 12.

All this was most bewitchingly romantic,  
 But then it was a sign the maid was waking—  
 What could he do? Poor Tom was almost frantic,  
 And scarce could keep his knees and teeth from quaking ;  
 His feelings must have been intense, gigantic ;  
 His limbs were feeble, and his heart was aching ;  
 He stood a living tempest of emotion,  
 Like the mad waves that fret the breast of Ocean.

## 13.

Sometimes he thought of flying to the wood,—  
 But could he leave the thing for which he panted ?  
 And then he thought of standing where he stood,  
 Like a green myrtle, by Love's finger planted.  
 But then suppose the waking lady should  
 Roll her large eyes, and ask him what he wanted ?  
 His state was piteous—so to end his trembling,  
 Like other folks, he thought upon dissembling.

## 14.

With eager gaze into her eyelids peeping,  
 He laid him down, his lady-love beside,  
 But not without a decent distance keeping,  
 An interval at least twelve inches wide ;  
 That when she woke, she there might find him sleeping.  
 Stay, frown not, modest reader—this implied  
 His modesty, that shun'd a dangerous colloquy,  
 And wish'd to hear the lady's first soliloquy.

## 15.

O Modesty, in nature's first beginning  
 Thou wert a jewel, now we seldom find ;—  
 For on thy reign the world is ever winning,  
 That soon no footstep will be left behind :  
 E'en now 'tis asked, “ pray where's the harm of sinning,  
 Youths will be amorous, maidens must be kind.”—  
 Not so our hero in the forest, he  
 'Gainst all temptation lov'd his modesty.

## 16.

And now how many vows our hero sent her,  
 And how she answered to his vows :—and what  
 The waking lady thought of this adventure,  
 And what she then did say—and what did not ;  
 On this we shall not for the present enter :  
 And beg meanwhile it may not be forgot,  
 That side by side there lay the prettiest pair  
 That ever yet were lonely, chaste, and fair.

P.

Our friend Tom, whom we have nick-named “SIGH,” from his unusual propensity to be a ladies' man, has sent us a very ingenious excuse for not communicating to our paper: the note was written while he dictated it,

Dear Mr. Editor,

I would fain have been the first to have appeared in your paper, but am, alas! disabled. I was walking the other day along the park, when a lady stepped from a carriage a little before me, and engrossed my heart by the thinness of her waist; I am sure Sir, I could have spanned it, and yet the ladies tell me I have a small hand. The sun was full in her face, and the shadow that her symmetry cast was before my eyes. I could not refrain from stooping down, and with my outstretched thumb and finger, I endeavoured to span the shadow of her waist. I succeeded, but the impression this had on my heart, has so affected the sympathetic muscles of my hand, that I have never since been able to close my thumb and finger, which remain at the same distance as when they measured the shadow. I cannot, dear Sir, write, and do not know when I shall recover; but as soon as I do, you shall be the first to hear from your's, &c.

TOM SIGH.

As soon as we had settled on the publication of our Paper we wrote to all our young acquaintances, male and female, requesting them to favour us with their speculations. We have received several great favors and shall communicate them to the reader. Under the name of CRAZY KATE we recognize the laughing style of a very pretty girl of our acquaintance; she sends us a pen and inkstand, and the most delicious couplet of her own composing—

“ Crazy Kate hath sent you this;  
A pen, an inkstand, and a kiss.”

We can tell her we both know her and will have what she has promised us.

P.



SECOND EDITION.

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# THE ARGO.

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No. 2.] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1822.

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- - - - - puerique virginesque  
Vobis pagina nostra dedicatur. *Mart.*

To you the flower and promise of the age,  
Virgins and Youths we dedicate our page. *Anon.*

THO' it is certainly not our intention to introduce every Paper with a prefatory address, yet on entering on our second number there is so much to say for ourselves and to others, that we cannot in justice omit a brief explanation.

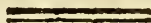
Amidst an overwhelming tide of congratulations, we have received, and what is worse, have read a considerable collection of vituperatory communications, containing strictures on our last—advices for the future—and all the rest of it! “Oh yet we do repent us of our fury,” that in a fit of editorial indignation we gave the whole bundle to the flames. There was Zoilus with his “blockheads” and “braggarts” and “upstarts,” and a whole host of derogatory superlatives. Then comes Philander—“stuff”—“nonsense”—“catch-threepenny trash.” And then there was the ghost of *the King of Clubs* with his “Think of the Etonian, despair and die;”—What! is there no medium between the Etonian and despair? Bear witness to the contrary, ye Olla Podridas,\* and Oxford Sausages. Is there no middle station between Milton and Bavius? Answer the unworthy interrogatory, ye justly indignant admirers of the Milmans and the Croleys—the Southey's and the Wordsworths of our age.

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\* No allusion to an unpublished work of that name. The Olla Podrida is a Cambridge—the Sausage—an Oxford periodical work; both about thirty years ago.

We have been too diffuse already, but we will not let this opportunity pass without expressing our regret for the attack on these two last mentioned poets, which we have inconsiderately inserted in No. 1. We will offer no apology for this *now*. We may be nearly sure that neither of these gentlemen will ever see the *Argo*, and should they do so, we are confident that their good sense will lead them to pardon our juvenile inadvertency. But to their friends and admirers who may have honored us with a perusal, we will make this assurance, that nothing of the same kind shall again appear in the *Argo*.

I. G.



Out of the various letters that have been sent to us, we shall present the reader with two: the one from an Oxonian congratulating us on our success, the other censuring us for our levity. The former of these our modesty would have kept back; but that from the exaggeration of the praise, our readers, we hope, will exempt even us from believing it merited.

Most noble Duumvirate,

The *Argo* sails well and need not throw out any ballast, that is (you take the metaphor) need not lower her price. Yesterday, I can assure you, was an eventful day here. The launch of the *Argo* had been anticipated. The bridge over the Isis was crowded at an early hour, and the feeling of interest grew more intense every moment—"She'll blow up by the way"—"She'll sink, she wont get here."—Then again "She wont sink"—"She will get here."—betting ten to one in her favour. 11 o'clock A. M. advices from Henley just received—at 2 P. M. the *Argo* hove in sight, and bore gallantly up the river, "sails set, and streamers

flying." 3 o'clock P. M. "Here she comes"—Yes.—No.—Yes.—(loud shouting) "Here she is—There's a sailer, look you—Now she makes way—Now she scuds (reiterated shouts) Such has been the Argo's first trip to Oxford; may she often as successfully repeat it! Your vessel is seaworthy gentlemen; only steer her well, and she'll weather all the gales that threaten her passage—"in mare Criticum,"—which is, ladies, (we ask pardon of the gentlemen) the sea of Criticism. Now I hope, gentlemen, the above account of the reception of your Argo, will be as gratifying to you, as the reality of it was to

Your sincere admirer,

Oxford, Nov, 25.

WILL NAMELESS.

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Friend ARGO,

Thy work is in the flesh, and the jingling of naughty words is in thy mouth. The man Hayley is a great sinner, and yet thou upholdest him; he is foul, and yet thou makest him fair. Verily my heart quaketh for the backslidings of our sister Tabitha; for our sister thinketh the man not so very abominable; the spirit moved me and I have written.

ZEDEKIAH STARCH.

G,

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## ON THE PEN, INKSTAND, AND KISS, SENT TO THE EDITORS OF THE ARGO.

---

In this dear pen and ink we find  
Fit emblems of an author's mind.  
The feather'd pen denotes a brain  
Fraught with Fancy's light-wing'd train.



The ink where various hues combine,  
 Which only in the sun beam shine,  
 Denotes a brain with wit supplied,  
 In all imagination's rainbow-colours dyed :  
 These in the reader's smile display  
 Their various shades and colours gay.  
 The kiss should warm the author's soul,  
 And breathe a softness through the whole.

Q.

---

Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro  
 Languescit mariens. *Virg. Æn. 7.*

She droops her languid head upon her breast,  
 Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd.

There are perhaps some readers who in the joyfulness of youth would shrink from any sad reflection, and consider a recital of misfortune as an encroachment upon the laugh of mirth. There are others who think cheerfulness not inconsistent with reflection, and who indulge in that melancholy that can let fall a tear at a tale of sorrow. In readers of this cast of mind the story of Mary Lacy may awaken a sympathetic sigh. It is extracted from the letter of an old school-fellow, whose own words will best suit the recital.

“ In the autumn of last year I was persuaded by my father to make longer stay than usual at home, to recruit my health and spirits, which by long study at the University had been considerably impaired. His house is situated on the brow of a hill that overlooks a rich valley through which the Avon winds. I was one evening returning from my walk along a green lane by the side of which there were placed at considerable distances cottagers' huts; before me flowed the Avon, and the prospect was mellowed by the tints of the autumnal sun. Naturally given to melancholy, I was overjoyed by the scene, and sauntered along scarcely remembering I was



from home. But as I approached nearer to one of the cottages abovementioned, I saw upon the threshold a girl in a rustic dress, who with the most frantic despair beckoned to me with her hand. Her voice seemed entirely to have left her, and as I approached she pointed towards the room, and rushing in, left me to follow. She had thrown herself on her knees when I entered, and seemed to watch with straining eye the features of an old woman, who was lying in bed. I took hold of her clasped hands, and endeavoured to raise her, but she withdrew her hand from my grasp, and with a scream exclaimed "Merciful God, preserve my mother," and fell fainting into my arms. I was in a state of the most painful anxiety for the fainting girl whom I held in my arms, and for the old woman, whom I heard her call "Mother," and who I could see was on the point of death. By degrees the poor girl recovered, and opening her eyes, cast a languid look on me and then at her dying mother, and with a faltering hand led me to the bed, and kneeling down whispered "Mother," and burst into tears. The old woman who had before seemed unable to speak, lifted her eyelids; on which the dews of death had settled, and seeing me stand beside her daughter, with a calm small voice bid me give her my hand. "Sir," said she, "I must soon die, and leave my only child, Heaven has sent you as a guardian angel to preserve her, I know your honor and benevolence will not disregard the prayer of a dying woman;" then turning to her daughter, "Mary," said she, look on your future benefactor, and for the love of your dear father trust yourself to him." She became faint, and taking from under her pillow a small paper, she said to me, "in this is a lock of Mary's hair, I have interwoven it with a lock of my dear son Harry's, who is at sea,—when he returns he will know the pledge, and acknowledge with gratitude the preserver of his orphan sister; keep it for their sake, and Heaven reward you." She cast her

eyes full on me, and with a sigh turned on her pillow and expired. I opened the paper—a tear fell on the hair, I kissed it off, and placed the paper in my bosom. What was I to do? I was left the guardian of an orphan girl who had fallen into a swoon beside the body of her mother. I know not how I felt nor what I should have done, but my father who was alarmed at my absence, had sent a servant in search of me, who arrived at the hut, to ask, he said, old Dame Lacy, (for that was the old woman's name) if she had seen me. I bid him be silent, and with speed tell my father the circumstance, and send the carriage for my charge, who was insensible to any thing I said; she had recovered from her swoon but her eyes seemed to wander over the room as if she was unconscious of what had happened. The servant returned, and my father had kindly come to assist me in my sorrow. We conveyed the poor girl to the house ordered the funeral of her mother, and having put her under the care of the nurse, left her to repose as she seemed inclined to sleep. I could not sleep, and as soon as it was day begged to be admitted to see my charge, but the nurse told me she had slept and was still sleeping. When she awoke she seemed unconscious of any thing particular having passed, and when I spoke to her by name, she said “Where have you laid my mother?” I told her she was to be buried in the evening, and to comfort her said her brother Harry would soon return, but she seemed not to regard me, and only smiled. In this way she kept gradually recovering, and at length was strong enough to walk about. But she never recovered the blush of youth, and if she smiled it was a smile of sadness. Her figure was rather tall and gracefully made, her face was not that of uncommon beauty but there was a speaking gratitude in it that was heightened by the sickly paleness of her cheek; her eye had once been bright, but had lost all its mirth, except when she smiled, then it shone for a moment and then

was dull again. My father allowed that till her brother returned she should be an inmate of his family, and under this promise I left home. As soon as the Spring returned my father sent for me, telling me that Mary had never been at ease since I left her, and would walk along the banks of the Avon and talk of her Harry and me. I hastened to my father the next evening after the receipt of his letter, and upon asking for the poor girl they told me she was taking her usual evening walk on the bank of the Avon; I instantly went there, but was so engrossed with the idea that I could not think of the fineness of the evening or the beauty of the scene. When I was within a little distance of the brook, I perceived Mary sitting on the bank, and throwing the cups of wild flowers into the stream. These she was watching as they sailed down the current, and when they were out of sight she cried "My Harry, is safe." I approached nearer, and followed with my eyes the last flower she threw into the stream; it sailed along, and so intent was she on watching it that she did not perceive my approach. It had not glided far when a breeze overturned the cup of the flower and it sunk; "Oh! he is gone," exclaimed the poor girl, and running along the bank where the flower had sunk, she perceived me. "Ah Sir," said she, I thought I should see you again, but my Harry is gone, I saw him sink in the waves.' She seemed not at all startled at my sudden appearance, and with a small weak voice told me her thoughts as I conducted her back to the house. It was in vain that I assured her that her brother was safe. She no more visited the Avon in the evening, her health rapidly declined, and she was too weak to leave her room. I always went to see her every morning and evening, and though she said nothing, yet there was in her smile a grateful kindness that increased my esteem for her. She rapidly declined, and the questions she made about her mother and Harry were more frequent than



formerly. On the last evening I saw her, she called me to her bedside, and said she had something to tell me,—“My Harry is dead.”—it made me weep to hear the wildness of her thoughts; but she bade me not weep—all was well—and asked for the lock her mother gave me. I had always forbore to mention it for fear of renewing her sorrow, but I could not refuse it her then. She opened the paper, and looking on it, “that is mine” said she, “this is Harry’s, ay, I know he is dead.”—She sighed and opened her eyes for the last time, looked wildly round the room, and when her glance met mine, she sunk upon her pillow and died. I will not attempt to describe what I felt, but it has cast a melancholy shade over my mind which I cannot dispel, and when I hear a tale of sorrow, I think of the fate of Mary Lacy.

P.

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Mores hominum inspexit.

Hor.

. . . . . he observant stray'd

Mens' manners noting.

Pope.

From my birth I betrayed strong symptoms of my impatience to follow the example of others; so much so, that when a child, I more than once nearly broke my neck while endeavouring to walk backwards, and thus differ from the rest of the world. It is this peculiarity that makes me now break through the accustomed editorial *we*, and introduce myself to the reader as the *merry fellow*. On Sunday last I went out after church to take an airing, as the sun seemed inclined to straggle through the clouds and give us a fine day. I strolled towards Paddington, for I am not very partial to the monotony of a lounge in the park, and if I did not meet much fashion, or many fine dresses in my promenade, I was amply satisfied by the youth and beauty, which like butterflies, seemed to have been brought

out by the fine weather. I had not gone far, when a shower overtook me, and as I was quite unprepared for this accident, I took shelter under an archway, whence I watched the tripping flight of the damsels, and the precipitous retreat of the men, not without a side glance now and then at the ancles of the former, as they raised the hem of the petticoat a little higher than usual, for fear of splashing their best gowns. Presently two very pretty girls came running to the archway under which I had stationed myself. On seeing me, they were about to retire, but I requested them to stay, assuring them that if I was at all in their way, I would sooner go than they should get wet. They would not hear of this, and entered accordingly. I wished to be as polite as possible, and consequently was very sorry I had no umbrella to offer them; I saw, however, they were averse to a conversation with a stranger, and as the archway was filling, I desisted from my gallantries, and retired to the entrance in order to make my observations on the passengers. I could not but be amused at the ingenuous contrivances adopted by those who wished to preserve their clothes from the rain. Most of the females had turned up their outer garments over their shoulders; there was one girl who had on a blue cloth pelisse lined with pink silk; to prevent the exterior being spotted with rain, she had exposed the lining, which was certainly the more perishable of the two. All the smart apprentices had covered their hats with their pocket handkerchiefs. I saw one young fellow with a new hat and coat, who took them both off and wrapped the one in the other; thus saving his clothes at the risk of catching cold. But the most amusing of all the characters which I witnessed, was a very fat elderly gentleman over the way, he was dressed in a very broad brimmed hat, black coat and waistcoat, and drab breeches, with white cotton stockings and thin shoes; he wore a black



patch over his right eye, and carried a huge umbrella over his head. In this state he was traversing the little patch of garden which adorns most of the houses at this rustic end of the town, and which was laid out in one gravel walk in the shape of a horse shoe, in the middle of which was a border—I can't say of flowers—and at each of the extremities, a sort of stone terrace; on this confined promenade, the old gentleman, who looked very like a retired admiral, was exercising his portly person, perfectly regardless of the rain, or the people, or any thing else but the exact measurement of his own steps. As soon as the shower had ceased, and I had paid my devoirs to the two imprisoned damsels, I set forward again and continued my walk.

I had not gone far, when I descried on the other side of the way, my worthy coadjutor, the serious gentleman. He was thoughtful, and evidently reflecting on No. 2 of the *Argo*. I scarcely dared to break his meditation, but on seeing him smile at something humorous in his own thoughts I ventured to tap him on the elbow, and say “Brother, good day”—“Good morning” was his answer, “I have been planning for the *Argo*. I think as our paper is particularly designed for the young and gay, and as the humour for Tom and Jerry has so prevailed amongst them of late, we shall be doing them a service in relating an accident that happened the other day to Will Ramble, a friend of mine, who reckons himself a “a Smart.” He sallied out one evening, quite flash, as he calls it, in quest of adventures, and having looked at several watchmen, and resolved to knock them down another night, he came up with an old man in the dress of a Chelsea pensioner. This was a fit object for gaiety, and he accordingly followed the old fellow for some time, who took no notice of him though he plainly saw his intentions. At the corner of Charing Cross, the old man after stopping with his eyes fixed on the ground,

bent down as if about to pick up something that he had found. My friend stopped too, and when the old man had secured his treasure, cried out with infinite humour, "halves." The Chelsea Pensioner without delay, turned himself round, and thrust a pin with such violence into the fleshy part of my young humourist's leg, that he assured me he had much more than his *half*, besides that he did not bargain which end of the pin was to be his share. At this, the old man fell a laughing to see how much good phlebotomy had done the young spark. After this anecdote, we walked home together, and before parting, my serious friend said to me, I should advise you to tell those of our readers who are fellows of the town, the story of the "Pin," for I understand that since this adventure, the same plot against the Smarts of this end of the town had been adopted by all the old fellows called Quizzes."

I. P.

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## THE AUTHOR'S PROGRESS.

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Will was a genius, but his head  
 Alas! was made of feather,  
 And yet of this it may be said  
 'Tis well it was not leather.

But little cash his father had,  
 And little left his son:  
 But than of this it may be said  
 'Twas better sure than none.

And soon this little less he made,  
 And e'en the dregs did spend:  
 But then of this it may be said,  
 He thought upon his *end*.

Next in a court he lived, instead  
 Of goodly street or square :  
 But then of this it may be said  
 He wished for *change of air*.

He lodged upon the second floor,  
 Resolved to turn a poet :  
 If he had wit, 'twas noble sure  
 On others to bestow it.

Up to the garret soon he sped,  
 His poem could find no buyer :  
 But then of this it may be said,  
 It made him rise the *higher*.

And now his debts came poring in,  
 And Will had cause to dread it :  
 And yet his debts were but a sign,  
 That he had lived with *credit*.

Poor Will at length must yield to shame,  
 Immur'd in prison bars :  
 It may be said that else his fame  
 Had reached unto the stars.

H.

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## SONG.

Why was woman made so fair—  
 With tears and smiles alike beguiling ?  
 With tears she drives us to despair,  
 And then she wins us back by smiling.

When for lost Eden Adam sigh'd,  
 Eve's tearful eye increas'd his sadness—  
 With loving kiss the tear he dried  
 And then she smil'd him into gladness.

H.

No. 3 will be published on Tuesday, December 17.



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# THE ARGO.

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No. 3.] TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1822.

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- - - - - puerique virginesque  
Vobis pagina nostra dedicatur. *Mart.*

To you the flower and promise of the age,  
Virgins and Youths we dedicate our page. *Anon.*



hac in re scilicet una  
Maltum dissimiles, et cætera pœne gemelli. *Hor. Epist.*

In this we differ: but in all beside  
Like two twin brothers are our souls allied. *Francis.*

It is no unpleasant consideration to find that the accidental temperature of serious and merry that has been represented as distinguishing our characters, has fallen in with the humour of our readers, and gained us correspondents from whom otherwise we should never have heard. Had not our tempers been thus oppositely marked, or had we both been serious, or both merry, in the one case the reflecting, in the other the humorous part of our readers would have been backward to address us. But luckily this inconvenience is now done away, and the supply of communications addressed either to the Serious Gentleman or the Merry Fellow, according to their contents, prove that the distinction is not disagreeable to many. How could Zedekiah Starch, whose reflections we published some time back, have ventured to write to a merry Editor? or what could have induced our dear friend Tom Sigh, the very plume of love, the butterfly of fashion, to submit his case to one professedly grave? We are led into the mention of Tom, whose misfortune in the park we commemorated in our first, by a letter that has just arrived from him, of course, addressed to his laughter-loving

friend. We will not anticipate its contents, which runs thus:—

DEAR L'ALLEGRO,—You had my promise of a letter as soon as I should recover from my extraordinary accident. I am restored to my former state of nerves, and will tell you the remedy. From the time of the enchantment taking place till my releasement I never once took my eyes off my hand. The doctors were puzzled, and said time must take its course, and so left me to despair. It chanced that Alice Trippet called in upon me the other day, and at the recital of my tale fell a-laughing most unsparingly. “Sir,” said she, allow a woman to prescribe; I will undertake the cure.” At another time I should have enjoyed her raillery, but could not *then*. I was unable to remove my eyes from my hand to observe even her smiling features, and the more she laughed the greater was my misery. At length she seemed in earnest, and bade me advance to a looking-glass that stood at the end of the room, in which I was steadily to observe my own face. This looking in the glass, Dear Argo, was always the thing that I loved next to looking at the women; so with a painful struggle I uplifted my eyes from my hand to it: the spell was instantly unbound and my fingers had their full play. Now this to me is still a mystery. Alice Trippet would persuade me that so long as I gazed upon the thinness of the lady’s waist, as represented by my out-stretched thumb and finger, my cure was impossible: so that she persuaded me to view my own face in the glass, knowing that I admired that more than all which was beautiful elsewhere. Now as you are an adept in affairs of this kind, I fain would have your opinion, in spite of Alice Trippet. Do not submit my case to the queer remarks of your serious brother. I have dreaded him ever since the other day, when upon my asking him what he thought of a new fashioned *crop*, he silenced me with a story from some musty

old author: "My friend," said he, "an ambassador advanced in years once came to Lacedæmon, and being ashamed of his grey hairs, had recourse to dying them. The Lacedæmonians despised the counsel of a nation whose plenipotentiary had been at such pains to adorn the outside of his head." But I have a thought to tell you. Since your two characters encourage both the serious and gay, it would be no unpleasant notion to distinguish yourselves by the names of *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro*. You see I have set the example, and so remember me to *Il Penseroso*.

Your's      TOM SIGH."

*St. James's.*

We are particularly pleased with this suggestion, more especially as it calls up the memory of Milton, whose name must be dear to *us*. It is a strange circumstance that we should have removed to the very house where Milton is said to have composed the last books of his *Paradise Lost*. Behind the building in the small area, which was in his time covered with turf, we can fancy the blind old poet retiring from his studies to breathe the fresh air, and giving vent to those feelings which he has touchingly embodied in his *Sampson* :

A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little farther on.

There as he pressed the turf he thought upon Eden, represented in his own glowing fantasies, and there too he wept for the fatal sorrow of our first parents, when he describes them :

They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,  
From Eden bent their solitary way.

We therefore give notice to all our correspondents in Great Britain and Ireland, more particularly to those at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, that we henceforth shall assume the titles of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* ; and that all letters, according to the temper of their contents,



may be directed either to the one or to the other. In the mean time we will present our readers with the following translation, sent to us by one who calls himself Classicus. He seems by his letter to hint that we have been too sparing of Classical subjects, and wishes for our sakes we would alter and correct the translation, so as to fit it for insertion. Our readers will remember the 1st Chorus of Phœnician damsels in the Phœnissæ.— O.

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Leaving behind the Tyrian wave,      *Strophe.*  
 To Phœbus sent, a votive slave,  
 From fair Phœnicia's isle I come,  
 And Phœbus' shrine is now my home,  
 To gain Parnassus' snow-beat brow  
 My destin'd home and port our prow  
     Sail'd o'er the Ionian sea:  
 Whilst Zephyr charioting his blasts  
 O'er Sicily's watry circling wastes  
     Whistled his melody.

Fairest of all the Tyrian fair—      *Antistrophe.*  
 A chosen gift of beauty rare,  
 I come to Laius' twin-born town,  
 By Cadmus built, Agenor's son.  
 Now like the gold-wrought imag'ry  
 That decks his temple, I must be  
     Apollo's sainted maid:  
 Still waits me Castaly's white wave  
 My locks of virgin flow to lave,  
     In rites to Phœbus paid.

Thou rock, o'er Bacchus' sacred height      *Epode.*  
 Gleaming with double-spired light;

Thou vine, whose tendrils never sere,  
 Daily the votive cluster bear ;  
 Ye caves, where Phœbus Pytho slew ;  
 Ye rocks, from which he took his view,  
 E'er yet the fatal arrow flew :  
 Thou, lastly, sacred snow-capt hill  
 May I, now sacred to the God,  
 Fearless his chorus' rites fulfil,  
 And beat with festive tread thy sod—  
 And bid to Dirce's wave farewell  
 In Phœbus' central vale to dwell.

Now at our gates the hosts *Strophe.*  
 (Vain be their threat'ning boasts)  
 Rous'd by hot Mars with hostile fury burn.  
 For friends feel common woe,  
 And every ill the foe  
 Brings seven-tower'd Thebes in common Tyre must  
 mourn.  
 In both their veins the same blood runs ;  
 Of horned Io both are sons.  
 I of their struggles feel my share in turn.

But now around the towers *Antistrophe.*  
 A cloud of bucklers lows  
 With burnish'd gleam : the front of bloody war ;  
 Which Mars against the house  
 Of Œdipus shall rouse,  
 With all the Furies' horrors at his car :  
 Argos I tremble at thy power :  
 But dread Heav'n's adverse nod still more :  
 Justice is his, who comes to claim his own from far.

H.

*Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properamus et ampli. Hor.*

*Wisdom, heav'n-born, at which we all should aim,  
The little vulgar, and the known to fame. Francis.*

I was lately sitting in my chamber, thinking on the different ways by which boys attained reputation, and the various uses they made of their classical studies; when I fell into a sort of trance, and though awake, fancied the following vision. I thought that I stood before the gate of Learning, in company with a number of young boys, who all seemed anxious to be admitted. Compulsion opened the gates; and when some of the crowd were disheartened by the severity of her appearance, and wished to retreat, she shut the gates upon them, and bid them advance. We were admitted into a long glade, which was bordered on each side by high trees; the path on which we walked was gravelly and harsh; but we could discover in the distance that grass and moss overgrew the walk. Some of my companions walked on with the desire of reaching the softer turf, which was now not far from us: others kept looking back on the gate, and would have retreated, but for Compulsion, who drove them all before her. And now that we were on the verge of the grass path of the avenue, we saw two goddesses approach, called Persuasion and Emulation. To these Compulsion resigned us with a frown, and retired to the gate. We could perceive in the distance a fountain which played at the extreme end of the glade; the turf on which we walked grew softer—all seemed delightful. Those of us who walked fastest kept up with Emulation, who pointed to the fountain, and bid them regard that as their harbour, without thinking on the length of the way. Persuasion followed behind with an observant eye upon Emulation, and encouraged those who attended her to persevere, by telling them that the way would gradually soften, and that their strength would increase towards the end of the way.



But as we advanced Emulation quickened her step, and Persuasion told her followers that she was hurrying by the bowers of Sloth and Pleasure, which we now discovered at a little distance before us; one on each side of the path. Such an enervating warmth and delicious fragrance breathed from them, that Persuasion used all her eloquence to prevent her followers from retiring to them, and she would have succeeded; but some youth who had been formerly urged on by Emulation to the fountain of Knowledge, and had sickened at the draught, were returning back; and meeting the band of Persuasion, told them, they, for their part, were going to repose in the bowers of Sloth and Pleasure—and that the waters they had left were bitter in the draught. In vain did Persuasion beg her train to persevere, the most of them turned back with those apostates to the bower of Pleasure, and were content to listen to the accounts that were given of it by them. The few that followed Persuasion beyond these alluring retreats, now hurried on to the followers of Emulation, while Persuasion returned to the bowers of Sloth and Pleasure to make new converts. We were now at the end of the long avenue of trees, and stood on the brink of the fountain of Knowledge. The water issued from a spring, and spread into a lucid pool, which was shallow at the edge, so that the bottom was visible, but gradually deepened towards the middle, till the depth was no longer to be seen. Emulation now pointed to the water, and it was strange to see the different ways of receiving it. Some stood upon the brink, and without having tasted it, returned the way they came; others tasted it, but soon resolved to seek the bower of Pleasure. On the one side of the pool stood the temple of Fancy, on the other that of Philosophy. Many having waded some way in the stream, retired into the grotto of Fancy, guided by Wit. A few having penetrated to the deepest part, retired to the temple



of Philosophy, guided by Contemplation. There was one little fellow, who having waded too deep into the pool of Learning, would have been overwhelmed had he not been assisted by Perseverance, who led him to the retreat of Dulness, which was a cavern beneath the grotto of Philosophy. The Inhabitants of the Temple of Fancy set up so loud a laugh at this accident, that I awoke from my trance, and fell a laughing myself. E.

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Arma virumque cano. *Virgil.*

Arms and the man I sing. *Dryden.*

1.

Once on a time—I like to tell ~~us~~ a story -  
 In the real “*Jack-the-Giant-killer*” style;  
 And being deep read in the *Nursery* lore, I  
 Often a tedious hour or so beguile  
 In plotting for the welfare of the nation,  
 And writing tales for the new generation.

2.

But that my reader may not think that I  
 Talk about what I do not understand;  
 I’ll tell him all I have read to qualify  
 Myself for the great work I have in hand;  
 Which I would have you know is no small trifle  
 All nature’s stores without reserve I rifle.

3.

I have read and studied “*Blackstone’s Commentaries*”,  
 And “*The true history of Tom Thumb the Great*”,  
 And Martyn’s “*Treatise upon Ghost and Fairies*”,  
 And Ludlow Godwin’s “*Intellectual Treat*”,  
 “*The Book of Trades*” and “*Fox’s Book of Martyrs*”,  
 And Lane’s “*Description of the wandering Tartars*.”

## 4.

“ The Lawyer’s sure Guide”, and “ The Forty Thieves”,  
 “ Gulliver’s Travels” and “ The Pilgrim’s Progress”,  
 “ Don Quixote”, and about a hundred leaves  
 Of Milton, and “ The seven-headed Ogress”,  
 “ Aladdin”, and a dozen more at least,  
*Quæ*, really, *versu dicere non est*.

## 5.

The story that I ’m going to relate,  
 I ’m not quite sure I have not heard before ;  
 (I have a most confused Chaotic pate)  
 But how, or when, or where, I know no more  
 Than does the Man i’ th’ Moon. But I ’ll begin—  
 For this long preface is a prosing sin.

## 6.

Once on a time there was a king who reigned—  
 Where shall he reign ?—for that must be decided—  
 Each people has some designation gained,  
 (For various tales are various climes provided ;)  
 Arising from some marked peculiarity :  
 The *Englishman* is famous for his charity,

## 7.

Courage and discontent ; the *French* are noted  
 For *politesse*, and loose frivolity ;  
*Italia* as the land of love is quoted ;  
*Spain* is the birth place of “ faire chivalrie” ;  
*Germany* is the nurse of fiendish histories,  
 And ghosts, and goblin tales, and elfish mysteries.

## 8.

I will have nought to do with *German* folly ;  
 I hate the *Frenchman’s* courteous emptiness ;  
 I can’t endure our *English* melancholy  
 That broods and pines o’er fanciful distress ;  
 I am very fond of chivalry I own,  
 And think that in its way it stands alone ;

## 9.

But all the joys that Pleasure can afford,

All, e'en the choicest blessings from above,  
Must sink to nought before one mightier Lord,

Man's hostile friend,—Man's courted tyrant love  
Beneath whose yoke with willing heart we kneel,  
And know the slavery which we cannot feel.

## 10.

He binds us with the mockery of a chain,

All lightly wove with dew-baptized flowers,  
Culled by the fairest nymphs of Beauty's train,

In the young Graces ever-blooming bowers;  
But ere long worn the sweetest freshest wreath  
Withers beneath Possession's poisonous breath.

## 11.

And then, oh! then, how gladly would we doff

The bonds that once we sought for,—tho' now grown  
Irkome; but when we strive to cast them off

The faded flowrets on the earth are strown;

Yet are we bound,—for in their stead remain

The thorny fragments of that rosy chain.

## 12.

But this is nonsense.—I was going to say,

When this digression interrupted me,  
Since Love held all the world beneath his sway,

And was the step-father to Chivalry;  
That I should fix on Spain as both uniting  
The joys of honorable love and fighting.

## 13.

Once on a time there was a king who reigned—

(Reader, excuse this three-fold repetition,)

In Spain—before that country's fame had waned,

Being *then* in a most flourishing condition;

I'm not quite sure as to the very year;—a

Poet should be correct tho' in his æra.



14.

Well, never mind that now ! This king was married;  
 A common circumstance with those in love,  
 Who now and then repeat they had not tarried  
 A little longer—their love's faith to prove ;  
 I don't know if his Majesty repented ;  
 For it was now some years since his wife went dead,

15.

I 'm really very, *very* sorry—but  
 I must curtail my — (Go, thou naughty pen !  
 A pun was on thy point—but thou shalt put  
 That point to paper never now again :  
 Go.) — story ; else I shall protract my song,  
 And make it most unconscionably long.

16.

Horace has said, "*Sunt fines, quos ultra  
 Citraque nequit consistere rectum :*"  
 By which the Poet, Ladies, means to say  
 That there are bounds—and we must not neglect 'em ;  
 I think that I 've arrived at these,—so now  
 I make my very best *quadrilling* bow

17.

To all my readers for their patieuce ;  
 And, if they are at all that way inclined,  
 We 'll meet again about a fortnight hence ;  
 In the mean while I trust that they will find  
 In these few stanzas which my Muse hath penn'd,  
 If nought to please, at least nought to offend.

I.

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Hos arcto stipata theatro  
 Spectat Roma potent. *Hor. Epist. l. 2, 1.*

Crammed in the crowded theatre, the town  
 With wonder gazes. *Anon.*

On Thursday last I resolved to see the Westminster Play  
 of "The Eunuch," and having two tickets, prevailed on  
 my serious friend to accompany me. I shall pass over the

preliminaries, of the crowd, the tickets, and the delay, since those who were *not* there, could not fully appreciate them, and those who *were*, will not wish them repeated. As praise from us would have no weight, and censure, had we cause for any, would come with a bad grace, I shall only mention a few circumstances that struck me in the performance. My coadjutor was particularly delighted with the prologue, which contrary to custom was written in Elegiacs, while for my part, I was very anxious for the drawing of the curtain. In the play there is much to praise, and little indeed to blame, but if the gentlemen will take a few hints in as good part as they are offered, (remembering at the same time our editorial prerogative) I will have something to say to them. When Thraso and Gnatho enter together, the latter retains his hat, while the former is without it. Now it is most likely the obsequious parasite would so far regard his patron as to stand uncovered in his presence. Again when Chremes had gone after Thais to Thraso's house, he presently returned with a cloak, which he had not on previously; a doubt naturally arises in the mind of the spectator, whence he got it. At another time Cherea changes his own dress for that of the Eunuch, in his brother's house, and goes to that of Thais so disguised, whence he afterwards comes out in his own clothes. My friend only smiled once through the whole play and that was when Gnatho's hat fell off. After all was over, I asked him how he liked it,—he told me he had been delighted, which from his manner I could not have believed: for even at the Epilogue which had like to have been the death of a fat gentleman near me, and which made me laugh till I cried, he only smiled. To particularize the merits of each, would take up more time than I can allow, but I must not omit the peculiar excellence of Pythias and Gnatho. One more observation and I have done. It struck my serious friend as rather out of character, for a man dressed in a modern coat and knee breeches, to speak the sentiments of Roman lover; and said he, I could believe I heard a Roman speak, but the delusion instantly vanished when I saw the tight elegance of a modern dress instead of the flow of a Roman toga. It might perhaps not be an unpleasant trial, to act a play of Terence in such dresses as would come from a Roman wardrobe. But of this they are the best judges who have thus entertained the town. For my own part I can agree with my serious friend, who with a smile said to me as we were going home: L'ALLEGRO.

*Hæc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita placebit.*

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# THE ARGO.

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No. 4.]

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1823.

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- - - - - pnerique virginesque  
Vobis pagina nostra dedicatur. *Mart.*

To you the flower and promise of the age,  
Virgins and Youths we dedicate our page. *Argo.*



. . . . . erit altera, quæ vehat Argo  
Delectos heroas. *Virg. Eclog. 4. 35.*

There will be another Argo,  
Nobly manned, a chosen cargo.

WE not unfrequently hear it observed by those of riper years that a work of this kind is prejudicial to a public school, and that it unbends the mind from serious investigation and research to the pursuits of trifles. As this objection is made by those whom it would be our greatest ambition to please, whose approbation would be the most grateful part of success, whose displeasure the bitterest part of failure, we shall set down a few considerations that induce us to persevere in our task.

It is often said of the classical scholar, that he could compose an elegant essay in any other language than his own; that although he can temper the deep thought of Tacitus with the copious ease of Cicero, or the simplicity of Xenophon with the laboured density of Thucydides, he would even in writing a letter in his own language betray a lamentable inelegance of style. We have seen the epistles of men of letters which would incapacitate the master of a charity school. Though a correct and graceful style can never make a man a deep classic, yet without it no one can become an



elegant scholar. But as this correctness and beauty of expression can only be attained by practice, it is not likely that those who are almost exclusively busied about the dead languages should excel in the art of writing well. For this reason, since the publication of this work, it is with the greatest pleasure that we have seen several young geniuses among us sprouting out as if spontaneously into essays, poems, and so on; and as a thought loses half its beauty if inelegantly expressed, they naturally turn their attention to style. If therefore by our means the spirit of English composition be even a little aroused, no one we think will say that we have not been useful.

It is said by Blair, in his *Lectures on the Belles Lettres*, that every author should have a style peculiarly his own. It is from this notion that we are vastly delighted, when in our perambulations we overhear any one boasting, "This is the Merry fellow's or this is the Serious gentleman's writing; I know it by his style" For though we are not vain enough to suppose that we have attained this peculiarity, yet we are pleased to hear that others give us credit for it. When No. 1 first appeared there were some ingenious enough to say they knew our signatures, and that the styles exactly corresponded with their conjecture. "Those marked I," said they "belong to *Jocosus*, the Merry fellow, those signed P are the lucubrations of *Prudens*, the Serious gentleman." But now that the multiplication of letters which are marshalled at the ends of the different papers, has melted this soft conjecture, they have recourse to style, and scarce does a day pass but we overhear some one who can tell by whom every letter in the whole was written.

But to return. There are some who say this kind of work unbends those engaged in it from dry research to more amusing pursuits. This may be the case if carried to excess: but can it be prejudicial, that the mind should recreate itself



when tired with the grammatical niceties of a passage in Homer by turning to enjoy the poetry? 'Tis as if we should deny the man who walks for exercise to enjoy the prospect around him; or as if you should forbid the Gondolier to beguile his toil with a song. So far is a work of this nature (if our humble opinion may be given) from being hurtful, that in addition to the consideration of style above suggested, it may be the means of settling and ripening the ideas of every one of us. For whereas before his eye wandered over the pages he read and his imagination was pleased with innumerable ideas which he did not take the trouble to collect and reduce to order; now he is induced to arrange his ideas into a settled form, and bring some distinct fruit from what he reads, knowing that he shall have immediate means of communicating what he may have found likely to prove interesting to others.

There are others who say that an author in after life would generally wish to recall what he published in his youth. As we know not whether we shall ever come before the public in riper years, we are little solicitous lest the wide circulation of *these* youthful effusions should ever be a cause of repentance. With regard to young authors that have gone before us we need scarce repeat the old observation, that those who have become conspicuous in their after life for works of fancy and imagination (to these only we allude) gave some promise of it in their youth.

Nor are we at all angry with those who call these juvenile productions mere "froth and flower." They may be light and flowery, (as it would be in vain for us to address ourselves to any thing but the imaginations) but let them remember that without flower there can be no fruit.

We must defer till a future number noticing several correspondents, whom we beg not to think themselves neglected; but must acknowledge a letter of congratulations from an unknown "Etonian", which as it is uppermost in our thoughts demands the foremost place in our notice—

. . . . . 'Tis an author's pride  
Still to please those who please the world beside.

He kindly suggests the flattering motto which appears at the head of this paper.

P.



Twelfth Night, (in the country,) or, What you will.

During the vacation I have frequently amused myself with speculations for the good of the Argo, and among other plans it struck me that as yet there had appeared no decisive character of us, the two Editors of this Paper. I therefore sat down hard to work and tried my hand on a description of myself—but I found I made a very bad job of it. I was obliged to destroy several futile attempts, and at last gave the task up in despair. I was first abominably and grossly personal to myself—my second trial produced a namby-pamby exposition of "many failings counterbalanced by a few good qualities," &c. &c. I then wrote one in a very ill humour, in which I made myself out to be an idle, foolish, disgusting, silly, frivolous, every-thing-that-is-bad sort of a person; but a feeling of respect for No. 1, intercepted the completion of this *felo de se*—this literary suicide—so I threw myself behind the fire. I still kept harping on this one point, and felt assured that the mere vague appellation of *Il Penseroso*, and *L'Allegro* were by no means sufficient to mark out the nice distinctions of our characters. Having been requested by my serious friend to pay him a visit in the country during the holidays,

I set off to see him with the determination of picking up some hints from the singularity of his domestic habits. It was on the 6th January that I arrived at his house, where, although I had written to apprise him of my intention, I had to go through the very awkward ceremony of introducing myself to his family, for my friend had gone out in the morning, and had not then returned. Just before dinner, he made his appearance with a hearty welcome, a thousand apologies, and an immense rusty nail in his hand, which he told me he had been five miles to fetch, as a morsel of some invaluable relic of antiquity. Being Twelfth Night, the evening was devoted to merriment, in which some of the younger branches of the neighbourhood joined. There was dancing and singing, and cards, but my friend neither danced nor sung, nor played cards, and yet he made himself agreeable to every body. For my own part, I amused myself as much as ever I could, eat a great deal, romped, talked loud and said a great many very funny things, which nobody laughed at but myself. At length my friend was prevailed upon by a very pretty girl to play at blind man's buff—he was accordingly hooded, and without meaning it, afforded us infinitude of fun. The sober and grave deportment with which he at first paced the room, with his body bent forward, and his arms and fingers extended like the feelers of a beetle, or the craws of an angry crab,\* was, by the application of a few pinches and pushes, varied with a smart jerk or two, and an exclamation of "*not fair.*" One minute he gave his nose a prodigious poke against the door, at another he made a desperate rush against the edge of the table, which was put away in one corner—Now he fell forward over a chair, bringing his head in contact with the mahogany back of it.

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\* If Penseroso desires me to state that there is no insinuation against his disposition which he is sure is remarkably mild and sweet.



Now his shins contracted rather too intimate an acquaintance with a foot stool. To sum up his disasters, he overturned his sister's inkstand on a young lady's muslin frock, who at the time had laid hold of the tail of his coat, not to mention the injury received by his toes in consequence of the fall of the said inkstand with its corresponding apparatus. He sat down to cool himself with a metaphysical disquisition on the\* gravity of falling bodies, in company with a young collegian, and in the middle of a very warm argument they were interrupted by an intimation that it was necessary to "draw for King and Queen" and play at "Snap Dragon." After the usual ceremonies of drawing characters, distributing slices of cake, and discussing the same; we were introduced into a darkened room, where a large pan was placed, filled with raisins and brandy, the spirits were soon ignited, to the no small satisfaction of the young party, who like so many Indian Jugglers, devoured the fire with all imaginable alacrity. Amid the roar of resounding merriment, I was astonished to hear Il Penseroso burst forth into a shout of laughter—I never heard such a thing before in all my life—Il Penseroso laughing!! I made up to him, and found the tears absolutely streaming from his eyes by such an unusual exercise of his risible muscles. After repeated enquiries as to the cause of his mirth, he informed me "he had burnt his finger"—which it seems had tickled his fancy to such an exuberant degree; but on my joining in his laughter, he immediately ceased. I observed then he came no more near the dish, probably not wishing to endanger his sides with such another exertion. On the introduction of lights, I perceived him on a chair with a handful of plums which he had gathered from the table—whether he was eating them or no, I cannot answer.

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\* From this circumstance, my friend has been appropriately nicknamed The centre of gravity.

The party soon after broke up, and I went to bed and dreamt that I saw my friend laughing and stirring the fire with his finger.

L'ALLEGRO. I.

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*Amcto quæramus seria ludo. Hor. Epist. lib. 1.*

A truce to trifles: let our thoughts be grave. *Anon.*

A very particular friend of mine who belongs to a "Debating-club," in which several young men meet together every Tuesday to practise themselves in argument and eloquence, has written to inform me that the club, who are mostly my friends, have allowed him as secretary, to communicate to the Serious Gentleman, any thing worthy of notice that occurs in their weekly debate. He has promised at a future time to give an account of the members, but at present, presents me with the following argument. "The subject" says he "was the Sublime. Much was said on it, and nothing determined; but the ingenious argument of Ned Gravely, so pleased the club, that it was unanimously proposed to send it to the Argo. I have set it down as nearly in his own words as possible."

"It is well known" said he, "that Longinus in his treatise on the "Sublime," in writing, had recourse to the Sacred Writings for an example. "God said let there be light, and there was light:"—This passage is generally allowed to illustrate the critic's definition; and to be an instance of the "Sublime." But an objection may be made to this example, which has not, I think, been noticed by any of the critics. The action here described is that of the deity, and naturally carries with it the idea of sublimity. Almost every page of the books of Moses abounds with instances of this nature. What can be more sublime than the descent



of God upon Mount Sinai—the destruction of Sodom—the opening of the earth to swallow up the rebel Israelites—and the journey through the Red Sea?—or if the passage quoted by Longinus be recommended by the language and simplicity of the expression, what can be more sublimely simple, that when in describing the wrath of God, it is said “before him walked the Pestilence.” But in all these instances, the deity is the agent described, and therefore may not be so fit examples for the illustration of the critic, when he is laying down rules for the writings of mere men. In the book of Numbers, there is an example which has not been pointed out, I believe, by any writer on the subject. It describes Aaron as going into the midst of the congregation, among whom the pestilence had breathed its deadly poison, so that thousands were already dead. He advances, and “He stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed.” Here we see a man protected by his innocence and virtue, which ensured the favor of God, boldly advancing unhurt into the midst of the contagion, and by his presence shielding off the arrow of the pestilence. The passage the most similar to this that I have met with, and which has some portion of its sublimity, is in the 1st *Æneid* of Virgil, 148 :

Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est  
Seditio sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;  
Jamque faces et saxa volant furor arma ministrat :  
Tum pietate gravem et meritis si forte virum quem  
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant,  
Ille regit dictis animos et pectora mallet.

As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,  
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud :  
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,  
And all the arms that fury can supply.

If then some grave and pious man appear,  
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear.

*Dryden.*

Here we see before us a multitude in all the the madness

of civil fury, curbed and put to silence by the appearance of a man of virtue and dignity, who, as the poet says "rules them by his eloquence, and soothes their fury. 'Tis perhaps, the finest picture in the works of Virgil."

O.

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## AN EVENING AT LADY BETTY'S.

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Alone and pensive, but I knew not why,  
 Too dead for thought, too dull for gaiety,  
 At home I sat—when John with airy gait,  
 Opened my door, to tell me it grew late.  
 "Sir, Lady Betty holds a rout to-night"—  
 "Go, call a coach, good John, I said, "you're right."  
 There was I forced to go, though fond of home,  
 For Lady Betty's self had bade me come:  
 She was a lady young, and gay and fair,  
 And loved her husband—when he was not there:  
 Sir George was patient, but he yet was gay,  
 And often with a smile was wont to say,  
 "If all that pleased the husband pleased the wife,  
 "Farewell the troubles of the married life;  
 "I and my lady never think the same—  
 "And though *pair* we 're call'd, 'tis but a *name*."  
 Now let your fancy oe'r the rattling stone  
 In thought the lazy-footed jades outrun:  
 And place me safe arrived *incognito*  
 Midst many a smiling belle and bending beau,

Dress'd in the gayest plumes of gaiety  
 Tom Sigh, my *dearest* friend, came tripping by.  
 "Zounds, is it thou? ah how dost do, my dear,  
 I little thought, he said, to see thee here."  
 I smil'd upon him, and he passed along—  
 His gait a pas-seul, and his talk a song.  
 Amidst a circling crowd of gay and young,  
 Amanda touched her harp, and sweetly sung.  
 She had a face, that in the merry host  
 Of good King Charles had been a royal toast,  
 Fair were her features, and an auburn shower  
 Of self-curl'd tresses on her neck she wore,  
 So fair, so beautiful—and then her throat  
 Pour'd forth so rich a mazy-running note,  
 That to the measure of her melody  
 At every dying fall, the beaux would sigh.  
 If gay the strain, with well-according tread  
 They beat the time, or ever-nodding head.  
 So young, so beautiful she seemed—the throng  
 If to her beauty blind, were captive to her song.  
 Trick'd in the speckled pomp of vanity  
 Zerinda yonder met my roving eye.  
 Ask you, if handsome, faith she once was young;  
 Or can she sing then? faith she has a tongue:  
 If love of china cups could make a belle,  
 Zerinda did in every grace excel:  
 If love of parrots, cats, could make one kind,  
 She sure was gentle as the sweet south wind:

In her young days it oft had been her prayer,  
 Love grant my cheek one dimple, or a pair:  
 Love heard, and on her cheek he sunk a dimple  
 But by its side he raised—alas! a pimple.  
 She smiled and talked when younger beaux were there,  
 But frowned whene'er Sir Fopling ventured near.  
 He and Zerinda once had loved, but fate  
 Had curdled their fond passion into hate.  
 At five and forty he was still a beau,  
 And she a smiling belle at forty-two:  
 She little cared for man or woman kind,  
 While china cups were whole and cats were kind.  
 Give him his song, his bottle, gun, and girl  
 No soul alive should ever call him churl.  
 There were two sisters, and the one was fair,  
 Languid her eye, and pensive was her air;  
 And as some fopling smiled a compliment  
 In modest stillness she would sigh assent.  
 The other breathed the soul of gaiety,  
 Brown were her tresses, darkly brown her eye.  
 And conscious of the deep regard she drew,  
 Would ever and anon her smiles renew.  
 I never knew till then that sighs could cloy,  
 Or aught was tiresome in the smile of joy.  
 And then I thought of *one* whose large blue eye  
 Sparkles with mirth that's tempered with a sigh.  
 Just now a friend advanced and touched my hand,  
 (A friend who all my secrets could command—



A man he was in years, and time  
 Had mellowed his deep wisdom to its prime;)   
 And knowing that I had an itching pen,  
 And dabbled in the Argo now and then,  
 "My friend," he said, "I much approve the cargo,  
 But can't think why the thing is called the Argo."  
 "Zounds," cried a neighbouring beau, "thy wits  
 must fail!

The reason's trite and common—she's on *sale*."  
 But stop my muse; recall thy roving tongue,  
 The reader yawns, and says 'tis very long:  
 Those will not listen long who were not there,  
 And tedious is the tale to those who were.

E.

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I'm far—Thou dost not wish me nigh,  
 I'm with thee—and thou dost not sigh,—  
 I hear thee say thou lovest me,—  
 But ah, I find no love in thee.

No—if of this my martyrdom  
 No pity on thine heart has come;  
 It knows not yet what love may be—  
 Or knows it not for me, for me!

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# THE ARGO.

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No. 5.] THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1823.

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- - - - - puerique virginesque  
Vobis pagina nostra dedicatur. *Mart.*

To you the flower and promise of the age,  
Virgins and Youths we dedicate our page. *Anon.*

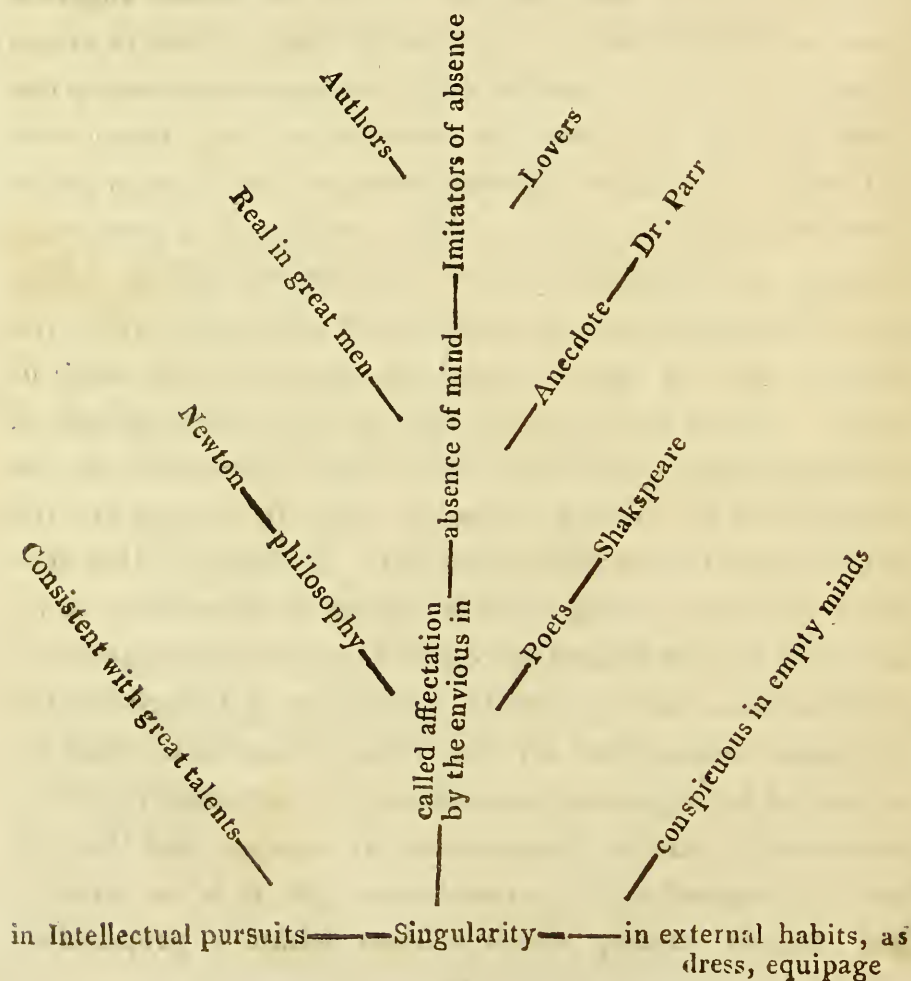


Pullulat à radice aliis densissima sylva. *Virg.*

See from one root a wood of boughs arise !

ADDISON, in one of his Spectators, informs us that in writing some of his speculations, he had the whole digested plan in his mind before he put pen to paper : while in others regardless of the “ lucidus ordo,” he began with only a few loose hints to set down the thoughts as they came over his mind. This latter species of composition is apt to be the favorite model of young minds, inasmuch as it gives freer scope to the imagination, and requires less tedious reflection. The graver part of mankind not unusually prefer the former, and are apt to brand the other with the name of levity. It was with this view that in the ancient schools of philosophy, the experienced part invented those rules for the direction of the young students, which to this day are the abhorrence of every idle school boy. I allude to that skeleton of a theme or essay which is given to the scholar, to be as it were by him fleshed and clothed ; proposition, argument, confirmation, simile, example, conclusion. Although it is for the wisest reasons thus set down, that a *proposition* must be supported by *argument*, strengthened by *confirmatory* proof, illustrated by *simile*, demonstrated by *example*, and then all this be summed up by a *conclusion* ; yet it is no wonder that boyish minds, which seldom admit a proposition

that can be supported by argument, and whose whole thoughts conduce to no end, should find themselves trammelled by this scholastic accuracy. For my part being of a serious cast, I never was much averse to such precision of writing, and often amused myself with an anatomical dissection of a subject after the following manner. Instead of dividing it as above mentioned, I threw the principal arguments into the shape of what is called by us a Greek tree, still keeping in view the old scholastic rules. I shall present the reader with the matter of an essay on "Singularity," thrown into the form of a Greek tree, The essay itself holds a place in this number, so that the reader may divert himself if he will, in comparing the skeleton with the full form.





This method of drawing out a subject, brings with it a necessity of precision in the arrangement of the thoughts: and to pursue it thus through all its ramifications, ascending from the root, is to me at once pleasing and instructive.

H.

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- - - - sui simile atque alienum. *Lucret.*

Now he's himself, and now he knows not who.

It is commonly said of a man whose contemplative habit of mind has stamped him with some marked character that he wishes to be singular. I am here speaking of peculiarity in *intellectual* pursuits and habits only, not of singularity in external habits, such as dress and equipage. The former of these we often see consistent with the greatest talents, the latter conspicuous only in weak and empty minds. The one whose mind is wholly bent upon some great subject may be led into pursuits that differ from the rest of the world; the other while he is wholly intent on being conspicuous in his external costume, can have but little of a reflecting soul: the former by forgetting appearance may become peculiar, the latter by wishing to be singular will appear ridiculous. This affectation of mental singularity is one of the most frequent objections that envy raises against the merit of superior talents. If the Philosopher, wrapt up in contemplation, shun the notice of men and be forgetful of himself, there are those who will call him zealous of singularity. If the poet love the still solitude of night, the wild face of nature, the storms of the elements, which are congenial to his imagination, still say they, this shows him anxious to appear singular. But if we look at the different characters of mind that appear in the writings of authors, we shall not willingly attribute to affectation any marked peculiarity. Can we wonder that Newton should have often been forgetful of the world, while he



was taking in at one view the whole blaze of planets, revolving in their systems, or tracking the course of a comet? Could it be called a studied singularity if Shakespeare loved the solitary sublimity of nature, or the midnight storm that well suited with his own glowing fancy? They however who could find no delight in these contemplations, who neither are intent on the investigations of philosophy nor fired with the sublimity of poetry: to whom abstracted meditation would be tedious, and who prefer the smooth glade and calm sunshine, to the jagged precipice and tempest of the elements, these are willing to call ambitious of singularity any one who in particular situations drinks in delights of which they are insensible. They either forget or are unwilling to allow that superior geniuses will mark out for themselves a track, where others cannot follow, and therefore would brand their singularity with the title of affectation.

There is no peculiarity into which a man of meditative mind is more apt to fall than forgetfulness of himself, or as it is more usually called, absence. The Philosopher and the Poet are not unfrequently absent men, and this from the reasons above-mentioned. But men of talent will always have imitators, and those who despair of rivalling them in their excellencies emulate the ridiculous part of their characters. Hence in all situations we have absent people, who with a studied negligence assume the air of one wholly intent upon meditation. If you ask them a question, they look you in the face and answer Yes, no, yes—and then as if awakened, I ask your pardon, I did not hear you, I was thinking. Another kind are those who make love by seeming to be absent. Men of this cast, will in the company of their mistress appear unconscious of what is passing, that the lady may suppose she wholly engrosses his thoughts. I knew a young fellow of this sort, who though of the liveliest turn possible, was as meditative as his grandfather in the presence

of his mistress. He seldom spoke, and if asked a question would answer, O yes, she is beautiful! then again, with confusion, Pardon me Sir, I did not understand you. Now he had long been rejected by the lady, but this last artifice was irresistible; she began to think him really her slave, and married him accordingly. If we recur to the tribe of authors they are most of them your absent men, and are constantly to be seen in the neighbourhood of Paternoster-row with one shoe untied, unshaved chin, coat unbrushed, evidently troubled with great abstraction of mind. Thus in men of talent close meditation leads to real abstraction of mind, in men of inferior parts the imitation of their superiors degenerates into an affectation of singularity. In the one as it is the effect of thought it is excusable, in the other as it is the object of emulation it is ridiculous. I shall conclude this paper with an anecdote that I have heard of the great Dr. Parr. He happened one day to be placed at table next to a very beautiful young lady, but this did not keep him from calling for his usual enjoyment after dinner, a pipe. After having filled it with tobacco, he gently raised the hand of the young lady, and with her finger pressed down the tobacco, and then lit his pipe, unconscious of what he had done, supposing he had used his ivory tobacco stopper. I leave the reader to decide whether this was real absence of mind—if it were it was very pleasing, and if intentional a most delicate complement.

O.

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. . . . inter se prostrati in gramine molli,  
 Propter aquæ rivum sub ramis arboris altæ  
 Non magnis opibus jucundè corpora curant:  
 Præsertim cum tempestas arridet, et anni  
 Tempora conspergunt viridantes floribus herbas.

*Lucret. lib. 2.*

There underneath a loving myrtle's shade,  
 Hard by a purling stream supinely laid,

When spring with fragrant flowers the earth has spread,  
 And sweetest roses blow around their head ;  
 Envied by wealth and power, with small expense,  
 They may enjoy the sweet delights of sense.

*Creech.*

It is often objected to pastoral poetry that it is a description of a state that never existed. For as innocence and happiness are necessary to the pastoral character, 'tis hard to believe that men ever were so. Conscious of this, Theocritus and Virgil have introduced fishermen and courtiers, characters which are an antidote to pastoral simplicity. I have sometimes thought that gypsy pastorals might be not without their beauty ; but then the poem would not be strictly pastoral, since to this state innocence and artlessness are essential, neither of which qualities are peculiar to the sun-burnt gypsy. For this reason the piscatory eclogues of Samnazarus could not be called Pastoral, since the lives of fishermen are so far removed from ease and pleasure, both of which the critics consider to be the requisites of pastoral characters. The pastoral character should be a shepherd in all simplicity and ease, and as such it has been drawn by the poets in some of their Eclogues ; but then it is wholly imaginary, and we are apt to hear the poet's, not a shepherd's sentiments. What is aimed at in this Pastoral is to describe a condition that really existed, and with this notion, that time of the world is chosen when men were really shepherds, and really innocent and happy. This perhaps may be said of the family of Adam and Eve, who when as yet unsullied by the deeds of Cain, lived upon fruits and milk, and passed away their time either in seeking pasture for their flocks, or devotion, or rural ease. Here there is room for description of nature in all her natural beauty ; here may be fitly introduced those pious sentiments which the critics contend should breathe through pastoral poetry ; and this state, if ever there were happiness, might



be called happy : it is at any rate innocent, and approaches nearest to the poetical golden age, of which pastoral poetry should be a description. The family of Adam and Eve, (namely their two sons and their wives) are the persons here characterized. I shall adopt the names given to the wives of Cain and Abel by Gesner, viz. Mahala and Thirza, and consider the jealousy of Cain towards his brother, not yet to have arisen : before which all must have been ease and happiness.

*Time—Evening.*

The shepherd's star had bade a simple pair,  
As fits the shepherdess, for night prepare :  
Beneath a spreading bough they watchful lay,  
And blamed the hours that kept their lords away :  
They for fresh pasture thus were wont to roam,  
Nor would return till evening warned them home,  
Oft o'er the vale, the matrons cast their view,  
And watched the lengthening shades and dropping dew :  
Each pressed her slumbering infant to her breast,  
And for it's father's sake the babe caress'd.  
Not yet, not yet, upon the mountain side  
Stalk their long shadows, Thirza said, and sigh'd :  
Not yet, not yet, my sister, they return,  
And for their absence vainly thus we mourn :  
Say, let us, while the lingering hours along,  
With voice responsive, and alternate song :  
Or bless our slumbering infants with a theme  
Softer than childhood's softest, sweetest dream.

---

MAHALA.

Sing then, nor less than thine shall be my care ;  
As kind, as fond as this shall be my prayer :  
And let our songs with sweet responsive note,  
Soft on the purple down of evening float,



## THIRZA.

Sleep, gentle sleep, upon his eye lids breathe,  
 And airy music swell above, beneath :  
 Though born of those that oft have cause to weep,  
 Free be his years from care, as this his sleep.

## MAHALA.

In vernal beauty be his spring of time :  
 Bright as the summer be his manhood's prime :  
 Flushed as the grape in autumn, be his joy :  
 Nor winter-blasted woe e'er harm my boy.

## THIRZA.

Soon as the dews of evening chilly fell,  
 The bee-loved cowslip closed its freckled bell.  
 Soft as the dew, more beauteous than the flower,  
 My infant closed his eyes at evening hour.

## MAHALA.

So darkly fair the silken lashes streak  
 The lids that press my babe's envirmil'd cheek,  
 That scarce more bright his open eye can be,  
 Which sparkles in the smile of innocent glee.

## THIRZA.

Sweet is the air that breathes from beds of rose ;  
 And the sweet south for ever gently blows :  
 Pure as the fountain will the current run :  
 O ! as the father, gentle be the son :—  
 So kind, so gentle, that if ought should move  
 His spirit, soon he lull it into love.

## MAHALA.

Thy love is gentle as the kissing wind,  
 And mine is pensive, but he yet is kind ;

Thine with his babe and thee would ever stay,  
 Mine with our first born parents loves to stray,  
 And hear of Eden lost, then shed a tear,  
 And ask again of what he weeps to hear.

THIRZA.

There is a flower that woes the morn's pale eye,  
 Noon sees it flourish, evening sees it die ;  
 Its cup is like a laughter dimpled cheek,  
 And youth like down the velvet bud doth streak.

MAHALA,

I know a flower that feeds the honey bee,  
 And paly yellow paints th' enamell'd lea ;  
 Lowly down drooping like a weeping girl,  
 It cradles in its cup a liquid pearl.

THIRZA,

From yon white poplar breathes the stock-dove's wail,  
 As of ungentle love he told a tale ;  
 Sweet bird renew thy melancholy lay,  
 It soothes my sorrow while my love's away.

MAHALA.

In yonder bush the linnet sits and sings,  
 Gay is his carol, had I but his wings,  
 They soon should waft me o'er the nodding grove,  
 E'en to the bosom of my lingering love.

THIRZA.

But look, where on the hill the dropping sky,  
 Spreads out the evening's dark blue canopy,  
 They drive the flocks with weary steps and slow,  
 As in their pilgrimage the waters stilly flow.

## MAHALA.

E'en now with quickened tread, they come, they come,  
 Painful the labour, but it brings them home ;  
 Sound sleep our babes, and why this idle song ?  
 Night falls apace, come sister, come along.

E.

---

As we would not by any means have our correspondents think themselves neglected, we shall from time to time take notice of their communications. The first on the list is Crazy Kate, who writes to inform us that our rhyming answer to her was smart, and pleased her so much, that she had recommended the Argo to her female friends as making excellent curl papers. Now as most of the ladies who follow her recommendation will probably read it first, we have no doubt we may soon say "The fairest eyes in Britain this peruse." Besides should our speculations simply be used in the way our fair correspondent hints, we shall not be angry. How many a beau would wish his billet-doux to be in the place of the Argo, beneath the cheek of a pretty girl. We beg however no gentleman will take this as a hint that we will be the means of introducing there, his passionate effusions by printing them in our paper. We have read of a Turk who out of piety used to eat every night a versicle of the Koran written on China satin. Why may not some future author say, "The ladies of Great Britain out of regard for the Argo used to read it by day and wear it in curl papers by night. We ask pardon for this digression on so delicate a subject; we should not have touched upon it had we not been let into the secret by Crazy Kate's correspondence. With regard to this fair correspondent mentioned in No. 1 we must confess an editorial bounce: We there held out threats that we knew the lady,—but alas! we must own

ourselves baffled in our endeavours to find out the writer of the epistle there recorded.

The next letter proposes to us a question which must be decided by the good taste of our correspondents.

SIRS,—You have declared your intention of assuming the names of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso: a question arises are we to direct “to Il Penseroso,” or “to L'Allegro,”—or must we make Italians of you completely.

Your's GRAMMATICUS.

As a contrast to this is a letter from one NASO, an amusing punster it would seem. He observes that in No. 4, at the top of page 48, a foot was deficient in the verse,

A man he was in years, and time.

He supposes it not improbable that this was intentional that the sound might echo to the sense. The verse, says he, is descriptive of a man “in years,” who consequently may not be inaptly represented by a *lame* verse.

P.

## THE LADY'S CHOICE.

I lothe, detest a man that's pretty  
 They're coxcombs, nine in ten, cried Letty;  
 And ever to themselves they give  
 The women's due prerogative,  
 If married, Heaven bless the wife  
 Who takes a handsome man for life—  
 For ever she at home may stay,  
 He sports at opera, ball and play;  
 And if she chide that o'er the town  
 He roves while she is left alone:  
 “My dear, he answers, 'tis the doom  
 Of homely features to keep home.”



Be witness thou my virgin breast,  
 A handsome man I loathe, detest,—  
 On me if Hymen chance to light,  
 The man shall be a perfect fright.  
 O womankind! the next spring season,  
 (No doubt for some important reason),  
 Love put it in Miss Letty's head  
 The prettiest man in town to wed.  
 What magic charmed Miss Letty's breast?  
 In her own words the tale's confess'd—  
 “The charming man persuaded me  
 That I was handsomer than he.”

E.

---

*Nil nostris miserere.*

You have no mercy on *us*.

The humble Petition of the Pronoun positive WE, humbly sheweth,

That your petitioner is a pronoun positive of the plural number, and consequently that he must be more than one;

That wherever he be, he is always a first person;

That he is known to every nation of the world;

That he bears so good a character, particularly among the Greeks and Romans, that though frequently absent he is always clearly understood;

That whereas several ill-disposed individuals named Editors have taken upon themselves his name and learning, and caused their lucubrations to pass upon the world for his productions, he now publicly maketh avowal and declareth that he will not acknowledge the said production to be his, or to be in the slightest way connected with him;

And moreover he humbly petitioneth the Editor of the Argo to renounce that idle custom and assume his proper person, and your petitioner shall ever pray as in duty bound, &c. &c. &c.

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# THE ARGO.

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No. 6.]

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1823.

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- - - - - puerique virginesque

Vobis pagina nostra dedicatur. *Mart.*

To you the flower and promise of the age,

Virgins and Youths we dedicate our page. *Anon.*



. . . . .

Animai totius ipsa

Perporro est anima.

*Lucret. 3 lib.*

THERE is a wonderful similitude between the superstitions of all unenlightened nations. This will be easily accounted for, if we consider the early state of them all to have been nearly the same. For before men had congregated into cities and communities, they held converse with nature in her solitary sublimity, and the horror of a grave, the vastness of a river, the violence of the elements, naturally inclined men to consider them as presided over by something superhuman. Hence the Greeks and Romans imagined every element to be ruled by its immediate divinity, and peopled every stream and every grove with its nymph or satyr. This multiplication of divinities among the Greeks and Romans, little differs from the system of theology among the eastern nations. They refer every thing to the one great soul of the universe; but at the same time consider every man's actions to be watched over by innumerable spirits, who invisibly affect his efforts, and either by favoring gales, forward him on the tide of human affairs, or retard his progress and thwart his exertions by some contrary current. This belief in bad and good spirits is not confined to the east, the same prevails

among many of the Indian nations and Americans, though in a less striking degree; and the veneration in which our ancestors held the forests and rivers, may be referred to the same cause. The Metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, which was introduced into Italy and Greece by Pythagoras, and which to this day is the creed of the Egyptians, Indians, and some others, seems founded upon this contemplative reverence of the creation. They looked at the animal world with increasing wonder, and believed that every animal must equally partake of the "soul of the universe," and as they believed this particle of soul to be immortal, they had recourse to its transmigration to account for its state after having left the body. The wide extended influence of this opinion shows that it is congenial to the unenlightened mind of man, and any person who without the light of civilization gazes upon the animal creation and observes the powers of instinct, and the affectionate and malicious qualities that distinguish the different kinds of animals, might be induced to assign them a particle of the "universal soul." I remember an old maiden lady who had long transferred all her regards from her own species, to that of the brute creation, with which her house was abundantly stocked. She grew so attached to them, and observed so minutely every beam of instinct, and every passion which animated them, that at length she became a convert to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and used to profess that she knew not whether after death she should be a dog, a cat, or a monkey; and with this notion she left in her will sufficient to support a large menagerie for these kinds of animals, hoping that her soul might have the good fortune to pass to one of them.

There is in addition a striking resemblance in the belief of a future state of the soul, between the native Americans and the ancient Greeks and Romans. The Americans be-



lieve in a world of souls, a repository for the departed spirit of all matter ; for they consider even inert bodies, as trees and stones, to be possessed of a soul, which will exist in this repository, in the same shape, and be applied to the same uses, as in the world. Hence, says Mr. Bryant in his *Mythology*, the custom arose of burying the armour, weapons, and so on, of a dead American warrior, and the bow of a hunter, with him, to the intent that he may, in the world of souls, be able to follow the pursuits he loved best in the world of light. Now it is well known that something of this kind was the belief of the Greeks and Romans. Homer represents in his *Odyssey*, his deceased heroes as employed in war-like deeds, when Ulysses descends into the region of souls. And Virgil in his description of Elysium, describes some as exercising themselves as in the games at Olympus, others as walking in a myrtle grove, and following the pursuits of love, others delighting in the chariot and horse, and as he beautifully describes them

Quæ gratia currû m  
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes  
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur, tellure repostos.

The love of horses which they had alive,  
 And care of chariots, after death survive. *Dryden.*

This description of heroes in the “world of souls,” agrees with the employment and mode of life then common in those countries, when every man was a warrior, and most of them fought in chariots. An American poet would doubtless describe his deceased heroes as employed in the chase, and armed with the quiver and bow. But now that I have touched upon this part of the works of Virgil, the reader will excuse my mentioning an observation, which I have never seen noticed by any one. After the poet in his 6th book, has been giving an account of Charon, the boatman of the Stygian lake, and his crew of shadows, he, on a sudden, apostrophizes—“*Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat.*” Upon first reading this and the following passage, I



received a delight which however arose from a false impression with respect to the meaning. The poet is talking of Palinurus, the pilot of Æneas' vessel, who was drowned in the voyage, and Æneas sees him among the souls in the shades below : I conceived therefore the idea to be the same as expressed above—

The love of horses which they had, alive  
And care of chariots, after death survive.

namely that Palinurus—" sese agebat"—was guiding himself, or taking the helm of Charon's boat, and steering himself and the crew, according to his occupation of a pilot when alive. This seemed to be authorized by what the poet says above, that the same pursuits and wishes remain to the souls of the departed, as were their delight when living. The idea was pleasing, but upon examination how far this construction might be adopted, an insuperable objection appeared in the context, where the poet tells us Palinurus was still unburied, and consequently not yet admitted to the bark of Charon.

O.

The following letter of an enthusiast in love, seems to be not an unapt addition to the case of the lady mentioned just now, who became a convert to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

SIR,—As the correspondence of one of the society of Friends has already appeared in your paper, I trust I shall not be disregarded, although I introduce myself to you as a convert to the Church of Rome. Some time back I was led by curiosity to see the Roman Catholic service, and took my seat accordingly. I had not long been seated when a lady closely veiled, and of a remarkably fine figure, entered a pew nearly opposite me, and after some time spent in prayer, threw aside her veil. She was certainly unusually handsome, but as I came to observe the ceremony, not the

fair sex, I paid as little attention to her as possible. The service began, in which the lady joined with so much ardour and piety, that I declare to you, the whole company of strangers fixed their eyes on her only. For my own part, I who was struck with her appearance at first, could not resist the charms of a kneeling beauty. I went home resolved to forget my charmer, but somehow or other I have been induced to witness the Roman Catholic service every Sunday, and I always see the lady whose piety is too hearty to be feigned, and whose beauty is heightened by her virtue. In short, I have taken a step on which I would wish your opinion. I have turned to the religion of my fair incognita, and am now as constant as her shadow to her place of worship. If I have your encouragement, I shall agree with a Turk whom I have read of somewhere, who fell in love with a beautiful Christian girl, but being a true Mussulman, he wrote to a Mahometan priest, asking his opinion whether the religion of the most perfect and virtuous woman must not be the best.—THEOPHILUS.

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## THE SURPRISE.

Continued from No. 1.

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*Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque. Hor.*

Sudden the sight, and mutual the alarm.

My tale's of Love, and yet I cannot jest;

I scorn his empire, yet I own his power :

E'en first born Adam could not be at rest,

Eve like a rose, was wanting to his bower.

That bud soon blossom'd, and the man was blest,

The honey drop was added to the flower.

All o'er the world that's beautiful and fair,

Were dull and senseless were not woman there.

## 2.

Let Sophists say they own the world their home,  
 Yet Love will consecrate one spot of ground ;  
 And let them wander o'er the world ; the sum  
 Of all their joy, in *one* dear name is found ;  
 The soldier sleeps amid the camp's still'd hum,  
 And dreams that music soothes *her* slumbers; sound  
 The sailor sleeps upon the rocking billow ;  
 And dreams *her* cheek doth press a downy pillow.

## 3.

Never, O never can the pen of art,  
 Nor poet's fancy, nor love-laboured lay  
 Declare the melting languish of the heart,  
 When lovers meet, far from the world away :  
 Whose only sorrow is, that they must part.  
 Like mellowed twilight at the close of day.  
 Their joy is shaded with a tint of sadness,  
 And o'er their sorrow beams a ray of gladness.

## 4.

This is a fitting time for ecstasy,  
 And tales of faithful love by sea and land ;  
 When from the gentle reader I expect a sigh  
 Soft as his heart, and soft as her soft hand ;  
 Of whom our tale must answer next, as I  
 Would ever hold my muse in due command ;  
 For if there's raving madness in a poet,  
 In long digressions is he sure to show it.

## 5.

We left the woodland lady sleeping sound,  
 And Tom we saw dissembling like a knave ;  
 But stop—we'll not condemn him till we've found  
 What reasons for his conduct he might have ;  
 Whom would not such a sudden scene confound,  
 So young, so beautiful ? but to be grave—  
 We best shall know what thoughts his breast held sway,  
 From what with sighs he uttered as he lay.

“ O shade her with the dainty wings of love,  
 “ And smoothe her slumbers with a dream of pleasure;  
 “ Let airy music wake below, above,  
 “ And steal her senses with a Lydian measure ;  
 “ More dear this spot than th’ Acidalian grove,  
 “ Fairer than Helen this my woodland treasure ;  
 Would she but wake, and I should be content—”  
 The lady deeply breathed. as if she meant.

## 7.

And then anon she fetched a deep drawn sigh,  
 And now another ;—soon her sleep will break ;  
 And then she opened wide her large blue eye.—  
 Tom sweezed his close lest he should seem awake ;  
 Then up she rose, and gaz’d upon the sky,  
 And rub’d her eyes that still with sleep did ache ;  
 Then on the ground ; but she had had a dream,  
 And like most girls, a beau had been the theme.

## 8.

And so she startled not—though to her eye  
 Her dream was bodied forth ; but yet as dreaming,  
 She gaz’d upon she knew not what, nor why,—  
 Her looks with beautiful amazement beaming ;  
 But soon her trance was broke, and when so nigh  
 There lay a real shape of youthful seeming,  
 Straight she had fled ; but then asleep he lay,  
 And if he woke she could but run away.

## 9.

He might have tumbled from an air balloon,  
 And met with a concussion of the brain ;  
 Or he might be Endymion, whom the moon  
 Had snatch’d on high, and hurl’d him down again ;  
 Were such his case, should she refuse the boon  
 Of simple charity, to ease his pain,  
 ’Twere surely cruel—then the boy might prove  
 In dire distress ; Tom rising, cried “ in love.”



## 10.

And to the lady low on bended knee,

He bowed him down, and "O forgive," he cried  
 "Pardon my fervour, 'tis for love of thee ;"

(The scornful maiden smil'd not nor replied,)

Tom still exclaim'd "O pity, pity me."

She turned her eyes, where on the mountain-side,  
 A weak old man advanced, whose hoary hair  
 And aspect wan, bespoke a hermit's fare.

## 11.

Away, away along the level green

She tripped to meet the steps of yon old man ;

By lovers, a third person's seldom seen

With welcome, least of all a guardian.

But in this case there could be no chagrin,

Save on the part of Tom ; the maiden ran

And clasped in fond embrace the old curmugeon—

O that another might have shar'd such hugging.

## 12

"And is she flown?" sighed Tom—not Manelaus

Thus sorrowed, when the lessening sails of white  
 First broke upon his view, O sight dismayous !

Wafting his Helen and the Dardan knight.

Alas these maidens ever will betray us !

And then she look'd so beautiful in flight,

And bent with such a grace the supple knee,

Floating in lawn of loose simplicity.

## 13.

And here I fain would use a phrase thats common,

Save that it seems indelicate, nor fit to note—

We often talk about a fine limbed woman,

As if we knew what's hid beneath the petticoat ;

But surely such a phrase does not become one,

When what we mean may otherwise be brought about.

We need but praise the arm's fine symmetry,

And as the arm the other limbs will be.

14.

Well then, the lady had a handsome arm,  
 And this is all the modest muse shall say ;  
 For oft though beauty will our care disarm,  
 And in soft raptures melt the soul away,  
 And though our heroine hath every charm  
 That can make beauty lovely ; now can lay  
 This to my charge—that in the whole narration  
 One thought could die a lily cheek carnation.

15.

Flush'd with alarm, yet conscious of her power,  
 All beautiful, she hung upon the sleeve  
 Of that old man, with many a long watched hour,  
 Wither'd and wan ; each gave to each relief ;  
 As in fair Andalusia's groves, the flower  
 Laughs rosy red beside a yellow leaf ;  
 And as she talked, she blush'd and then turn'd pale,  
 As though of something serious were her tale.

16.

Ye Heavens, have mercy on poor Tom the while !  
 He dared not move from his uneasy station ;  
 As though enchanted by that serpent's guile,  
 That chains the nerves and freezes circulation,  
 Far famed in Nubia's wilds, or Java's isle ;  
 Or where the savage Caffree dwells, whose nation  
 Sent forth a second Venus, known in lore  
 For far fam'd beauties never seen before.

17.

'Twas evident of him discourse they held,  
 For onward urged the sire his tardy feet ;  
 And both with eager eye his form beheld ;  
 Nor time was now to think upon retreat ;  
 And nearer now they come—his hot veins swell'd  
 With throbbing expectation ; his heart beat  
 And reddened on his cheek the rising blood  
 When by his side the maid and hermit stood,

## 18.

“ Young man,” the white hair’d stranger said, “ ’tis rare  
 To meet a traveller in this woodland dell,  
 Much less of thy fair seeming ; but whate’er  
 Of food or shelter this my humble cell  
 Afford, for thee my daughter shall prepare,  
 My Adelais ; who loves with me to dwell,  
 Though old and wither’d ; and prefers this grot  
 With me, to palaces where I am not.”

## 19.

A bow was all that Hayley’s gratitude  
 Could answer then ; he knows not what to choose,  
 Lest on benevolence he might intrude ;  
 Or should he such a proffered aid refuse,  
 Perchance fair Adelais might think him rude ;  
 Besides another cause suspects my muse,  
 A hermit, a fair maid, and woodland hovel,  
 Had something in them sweet, romantic, novel.

## 20.

Hayley lov’d novelty, and with a bow,  
 Still lower than the first, profess’d assent ;  
 A transient smile played o’er the furrow’d brow,  
 Of his old host ; and as Tom lowly bent,  
 To Adelais, he thought her forehead’s snow  
 Glow’d with a rapid blush, that soon was spent ;  
 He deem’d this no unfavorable omen,  
 Though little’s to be learn’d from looks of women.

## 21.

On, where the tottering hermit led the way,  
 The bent their steps in silence : not a word  
 Startled nash’d Echo ; deep thoughts seem’d to sway,  
 The old man’s breast ; and Adelais deterr’d  
 By the young stranger’s presence, nought did say ;  
 And Tom for courtesy, alike demurred.  
 Arriv’d at length beneath the hermit’s cave,  
 Here must I leave the three, and take my leave.

22.

And now on Fancy's seraph wings upborne,  
 The bard may revel in the realms of space ;  
 Or float upon the pinions of the morn,  
 Or in its pilgrimage some comet trace ;  
 Or with the sun of all his splendour shorn,  
 Sink down into the deep ;—for Adelais  
 Is safely plac'd beneath a father's care ;  
 Where can we leave so well a maiden fair ?

P.

---

Ohe ! jam satis est, ohe ! libelle !     *Mart.*

Enough, my little book, ye Gods, enough !     *Anon.*

We have lately by letters from the universities, received intelligence which induces us either for a time to suspend the *Argo*, or to give up the publication of it for ever. An opinion it seems, has become current there among indifferent readers of this paper, that it is got up by the united efforts of the senior scholars of St. Paul's, who would emulate the well-earned honours of the "*Etonian*." It grieves us that we should have been the cause of fathering such intentions on our very respected contemporaries, or that such a paper as this should be for a moment considered their united lucubrations. We must however, beg leave to exculpate ourselves from any blameable delusion, since in our first address, we distinctly revealed the editorial secret, that the editors were but two in number. This we again repeat, and in addition suspend the *Argo*, hoping that the false opinion above mentioned, may cease with the cause of it. But lest any should still be incredulous as to the actual number of the editors, on account of the various signatures that mark the different speculations ; for the sake of removing entirely all suspicion, we will, though reluctantly, reveal



the secret of those mysterious characters. The Merry fellow claims as his share, all to which the letter T, or L'Allegro is subjoined. Il Penseroso reposes his claims in H.O.P.E. whose letters he selected to bring up the rear of all his speculations. \*There are a few papers to which two letters are subjoined, these of course were a joint production; and thus fairly the reader has a key to the whole. “Eripitur persona, manet res.” We hope therefore, that this error will now cease; and our only wonder is how it could ever have arisen; as the Argo was never published, and openly professed its origin. The publication of it wholly arose from a patriotic wish, to excite the spirit of English composition amongst our contemporaries; that St. Paul's might be able to boast of elegant scholars, as well as classical literati. This may be spoken like fond enthusiasts, but we feel an honest pride in a report which has come to our ears, that our object will probably be attained.

We have said the Argo will be suspended: our friends must not be surprised if they hear no more of it. The Merry fellow is called away to the more serious studies of the bar, from his pursuit of the golden fleece; all of which that has come within his reach, will of course be converted into a counsellor's wig. The immediate direction, therefore, though not the execution of this paper, falls on his coadjutor, who here unites with his friend in acknowledging their gratitude to those who have patronized the Argo. The reception this paper has met with, would authorize, nay demands its continuance, and makes the Editors anxious to appear again before their readers. But on account of what has been stated, they can only say, Reader we will meet again—But when?

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\* We offer every apology to all those whose contributions have never appeared, and as an excuse plead our unwillingness to give the least foundation to the idea falsely entertained by some readers, which we are thus anxious to remove.

Pl 40  
5/3/69



















































